

The Tragedie

He winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King,

Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter young Torke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Torke*.

Prin. *Richard* of *Torke* how fares our noble brother?

Tor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.

Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:

Too late hee died that might haue kept this title,

Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,

Glo. How faires our cousen noble Lo. of *Torke*.

Tor. I thanke you gentile vncle: O my Lord,

You said that Idle weeds are fast in growth;

The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.

Glo. He hath my Lord.

Tor. and therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.

Tor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.

Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,

But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.

Tor. I pray you vncle giue me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger little cousen with all my heart.

Prin. A begger brother?

Tor. Of my kind vncle that I know will giue

And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,

Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.

Tor. A greater gift, O thats the sword too it.

Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.

Tor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,

In weightier things youle say a beeger nay.

Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.

Tor. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lo.

Tor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.

Glo. How? *Tor.* Little.

Prin. My L. of *Torke* will still bee croffe in talke:

Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Tor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;

Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because

Of Richard the Third.

Because that I am little like an *Ape*.

He thinks that you should beare me one your shoulders.

Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit hee reasons,

To mitigate the scorne hee giue his vncle,

He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:

So cunning and so young is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lo. wilt please you passe along?

My selfe and my good cousen *Buckingham*,

Will to your mother, to intreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Tor. What will yongoe vnto the Tower my Lord?

Prin. My Lord protector will haue it so.

Tor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why what should you feare?

Tor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:

My Granam told me he was murdered there.

Prin. I feare no vncles dead,

Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.

Prin. And if they liue, I hope I neede not feare.

But come my L. with a heauy heart

Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.

Exeunt, Prin, Tor, Hast, Dor. maner, Bish, Buc.

Buc. Thinke you my Lo, this little prating *Torke*,

Was not incenced by his subtile mother,

To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perleous boy,

Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,

He is all the mothers from the top to the toe,

Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceale what we impart.

Thou knowest our reasons vrgde vpon the way:

What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter

To make *William L. Hastings* of our minde,

For the instalment of this noble Duke,

In the seate royall of this famous Ile?

Cat. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,

That he will not be wone to ought against him.

Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

F 2